

## **Ecstasy** by [littlemissmileven](#)

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**Summary:** Loving Mike Wheeler was once ecstasy, it was exhilarating and left me breathless. But now? My heart seized within my chest as I saw my bestfriend and boyfriend betray me in the worst possible way. . . A story of how a first love can be so strong but so can heartbreak.

## 1. Chapter 1

"You're so god damn stupid," I whispered brokenly to myself ever-so-slowly, my chest collapsing at the sight before me. "Why would he ever settle for a girl *like you*."

I would never forget his eyes in this moment. The way they burned relentlessly at me as I yanked his bedroom door open, the way he scurried for his sheets but she layed there bare and naked. Everything became blurry, endless noises faded into the background before me but my eyes remained on *her*.

She looked so smug, her gaze taunting as a small smile had ghosted on her lips. *My* best friend and *my* boyfriend, the two people I adored and trusted had just betrayed me. I would've *died for them*, I would've put a bullet through my skull if I knew that act alone would protect the two most precious things my life had brought me.

Mike and Max.

"Baby, I'm sorry. Look at me," I remained at the door, flinching as Mike grabbed at me. His hands desperate and clammy as they fought for my attention but I wouldn't dare look at him. "No no no - *dammit don't look at her El*. Look at me, sweetheart, please -"

Everything seemed to snap within me, a chord that was once tethered to Mike pulled and tugged that I lurched backwards and away from *them*.

My lips quivered and I fought the unleashed tears as they threatened to spill, he was so beautiful and now Max got to witness that. The way his body felt against skin on skin, the way his moans had been music to my ears and now it wasn't an unkept secret anymore between them.

Because it wouldn't be the three of them strolling through the school hallway anymore. They wouldn't be able to witness Lucas throwing his arms across Max's shoulders everyday after school, there wouldn't be anymore annual strawberry milkshakes on the weekend down by Benny's burgers.

*And it was all because of them.*

I hate him. I hate him. I hate him. My head chanted, but my heart lurched within my chest ever so suddenly. It banged against my ribcage even harder, feeling my chest prying open as seconds passed.

Mike stood in front of me, his entire face soaked with tears that never seemed to end, his naked chest rising and falling as I watched him.

He just fucked Max, the girl you once called your *bestfriend*, and yet he was reaching for me; crying for me; and I knew he was hopelessly in love with me, drunk with love for *me*; but how could it of been enough for him if he chose her?

An idea hit me so fast I didn't have time to consider it, I just acted on instinct. My hands lurched forward and slapped Mike, the sound echoing through out the room that all that could be heard was the gasp that seized from my lips. His cheek was now red raw, his shoulders shook as the sobs grew alarmingly but I looked at him with such sadness that no words were left to be spoken.

I turned on my heel and left his room after that, my feet trudging down his staircase and out his front door. Every step left my feet feeling foreign, my heart feeling somewhat hallow and empty. His shouts continued from outside is window but I didn't dare turn back - *wouldn't* look back.

Because, *if* I did, I'd break and fall to his feet. No one would dare make me feel like this again, especially not a black-haired boy called Mike Wheeler.

*No matter how desperately in love with him I still was.*

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***Authors Note:***

***Hey guys. Important announcement - this story will be about cheating and yes I do have "Too good at goodbyes" to finish off. But I don't like it, it's rushed and choppy so I will be starting again with this story.***

*There will be heartbreaks, tears, angst, drama and smiles. I take my writing seriously, especially about cheating because that's happened to be numerous times by someone I considered a 'forever' so please consider what you say because every emotion, every word is based from how I once felt.*

*I love Mike and El together but this is just a story - one that does happen in real life - if only relationships were as easy as television shows portray them to be but this is real.*

*FOR THE CHAPTERS THEY WILL BE SHORT. Shorter than this - this is only semi long to show what happened but that's it. IT WILL BE LIKE 3 PARAGRAPHS EACH AS IT'S ALMOST LIKE A MONOLOGUE I GUESS - your comments do inspire me and I feel like my writing with 'cheating' flows and seems to connect with you guys! I'm sorry this may trigger but I hope it doesn't. Please click away if it does but you have been warned.*

*Enjoy,*

*L xo*

## 2. Chapter 2

Days had flown right passed me, I didn't bother answering the left voice mails or messages from anybody. I even began to ignore Hopper as I kept myself huddled in my room. Today had been somewhat different though - no one was home except me and Hopper made it clear that if someone knocked, I wasn't allowed to ignore it this time.

And, for the first time, I wish I hadn't of listened to him.

Because the minute I flung the front door open and saw *them*, I stiffened, my hands bawling into tight fists. I immediately went to close it but before I could, Mike had wedged his foot between it and I was trapped.

My gaze moved between the him and Max and then I gave a harsh laugh. "I can't believe you're here," I say, staring at him blankly. Not ready yet to look at *her*.

"I'm sorry, El. I will say it a thousand times to you if that means you would just let me explain please. " he begged. He sounded so gentle and so urgent that it broke my heart.

My throat tightened, "Sorry isn't enough," My voice is heavy and dry. All the restless nights of crying had left my voice sore and muffled and yet, he had the nerve to bring Max. They couldn't be sorry, not when she hadn't uttered a single apology to me.

"You are cruel, the both of you," I whisper from behind the door. Not giving them another moment to speak, I ram the door shut and press myself against it. Secretly enjoying the way Mike hissed in pain because of his ankle but ready to grab Max by the throat because she's the one consoling his pain.

*Well fuck them both.* I repeat over and over, the words overlapping on my tongue. *They can go straight to hell for all I care.*

Although he was my first love, I knew that just wasn't enough anymore.

Each chapter will be short and sweet like this, I kind of like it!  
I'll be posting a bunch like this, quicker updates aswell! Please  
leave a review.

L x

### 3. Chapter 3

My heart slammed against my ribs as the voice that entered my house sounded familiar. "El, honey, Lucas is here to see you." Hopper shouts from downstairs but I attempt no answer.

I didn't move from my bed, I continued to lay there as I heard he steps grow quicker and louder until they finally stopped all at once. I turned my head from my pillow to see Lucas leaning against the doorframe.

Lucas closed his eyes and blew out a long, frustrated breath before opening them again. He stared at me for a long moment, both of us unwilling to make the first move just yet. Tears welled in my eyes and blurred my vision that this time I tore my eyes away from him.

I felt the corner of my bed tip and from the corner of my eye I see him playing with the edge of my pink blanket. He finally spoke, his voice full of sadness but most of all concern for me. "How are you?"

The corners of my lips twitched abruptly, then without so much as a thought, I laughed. It was raw, the sound both making us wince as it continued to grow until finally I could usher few words out.

"How do I look?" I whispered.

Lucas grew silent, his gaze softening as he looked from the blanket to me. "Almost as dead as I feel."

I barely caught his whisper as I rubbed the tiredness from my eyes. I begin pulling the blankets off me swiftly before crawling over to him. The silence grew but in that moment of time, I had never felt so calm and content. I placed my head against his shoulder and blew out a shuddering breath that I didn't notice I had been holding in for so long.

"But, at least we both know what it feel's like to lose someone you love." Lucas murmurs achingly, I could feel his body shaking that I wrap my arms around him. Not knowing what else to say, I nod into his shoulder as we stare outside my bedroom window.

Our presence was all we had left to give to eachother.

**I'll update very soon! Do you guys like how short it is - I reckon it's something different! Please review, review, review, it is always welcomed here.**

**L x**



## 4. Chapter 4

Fuck *him*.

Fuck *her*.

Fuck them *both*.

My face was blank the entire car ride with Hooper. He tried relentlessly to pull me out of my thoughts. Hell, he even offered for me to skip class and take me out for the entire day.

But I couldn't, it had been almost two weeks since the incident. I was sick of my heart aching, my eye's burning with the tears that threatened to spill every single day; I was over hiding in my bedroom.

"El," Hooper's voice was soothing, a hand nestled it's way on my shoulder and my gaze snapped back to him. A frown rested on his lips, his eye's uncertain and I managed to flash him a smile.

Even if I was dying on the inside, withering away, I wouldn't show it. Not to anyone and especially not to Hooper.

I uttered the two word's I knew would make him happy; "I'm fine." before pulling at the car handle and escaping. I felt the car closing in on me, becoming smaller and harder to breath with each passing moment. I didn't look back at Hoopers face as I made my way closer to the entrance; I already knew his look would be displeasing but I didn't seem to care anymore.

It was time for me to be selfish.

I saw Lucas waiting for me by my locker, he shook his head frantically, mouthing, "They're here."

My entire body became still, my heart pounding hard against my chest at an alarming rate. My eyes shifted away from Lucas as I heard my name being muffled by surprise;

"El?"

**A/N: REMEMBER PLEASE, THESE CHAPTERS ARE PURPOSELY SUPPOSED TO BE SHORT. I AM TRYING SOMETHING A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT WITH MY WRITING. So, please, please- don't write a negative comment about the new styling I am doing for this story. On a positive note, I hope you like it ! xxxxxxx**

**Leave a review, fav, add (do your thing lovely!)**

**L xo**